

### III

Woodflakes are flaking off like tuna flakes.  
Axe droppings. Hot leftovers and leavings.  
Chipped sunlight, terracotta. Exhumings.  
You crouch amid ruins, remains. Your hand rakes  
Up an art that shirks endings for random  
Gleanings. Now here's an ivory toothpick,  
Late Ashanti. There, sheeny as garlic,  
Some Renaissance tidbit, a severed thumb  
By Cellini. Further, writ in magma,  
Polynesian petroglyphs. To your left  
Flotsam from a wreck. To your right tuna  
Flakes flaking.

But all at once you're bereft.  
*Leonidas* is berthing. The light's in gold.  
Sixteen dead spartans in the tuna hold.